Iu. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.

Mer. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and* Nurse.

Ca. When the Sun sets, the Ayre doth drisle deaw,
But for the Sun-set of my Brothers sonne,
It raines downe right.
How now a Conduit Girle, what still in teares.
Euermore showring: In one little body?
Thou counterfeits, a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?

La. I sir, but she will none, she giues you thankes.
I would the Foole were marryed to her Graue.

Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you Wife,
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thankes?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
(Vnworthy as she is) that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroome?

Iu. Not proud, you haue, but thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.

Ca. How now, how now, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud: Mistris minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But

But fettle your fine loynts gai
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *P*
Or I will dragge thee on a hur
Out you greene sickneſſe carri
You tallow face.

La. Fie, fie, what are you m

Iu. Good Father, I beseech
Heare me with patience, but t

Fa. Hang thee yong bagga
I tell thee what, get thee to C
Or neuer after looke me in the
Speake not, replie not, doe no
My fingers itch, wife, wee sca
That God had lent vs but this
But now I see this one is one t
And that wee haue a curse in h
Out on her hilding.

Nur. God in heauen blesse
You are to blame my Lord to

Fa. And why my Lady wis
Good Prudence, smatter with

Nur. I speake no treason,

Fa. O Godigeden,

Nur. May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling fo
Vtter your grauitie ore a Gossi
For here wee need it not.

Wi. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes m
Day, night, houre, tide, time,
Alone, in companie, still my ca
To haue her matcht, and hauin
A Gentleman of noble parenta
Of faire demeanes, youthfull an
Stuft (as they say) with honour
Proportioned as ones thought
And then to haue a wretched p